

T H E  
D. of M---'s Confession  
T O A

*Jacobite Priest.*



*February the 6th, 1711.*

D. **S** I R! My Heart being Smitten at the Hearing of the 15th Psalm, on Sunday Morning last, I Tremble to think that I, who have Lived so long, and am so near the End of my Life, should never before now, have *One Serious Thought* relating to the Welfare of my *Poor Soul*.

I was mightily concern'd whom to Choose for my Guide, in my Spiritual Affairs: And after all, I thought none so fit as a Deprived Clergy-man, who had suffered the Loss of all he had Possessed in this World for a good Conscience; I thought such an one would not flatter me for any Advantage he might reap by me, but would deal Sincerely, and shew me what I must do to be *Eternally Happy*.

P. My

P. My Lord! I will, by the Help of God, perform the Duty of a True Priest of the Church of *England*; I will not be Partial, depend upon it: As your Repentance is, so will the Church deal with you.

Therefore I require you to make a full Confession of your Sins, *that your Soul may be Saved in the Day of the Lord.*

D. Sir! I will Obey you, and I sent for you for that purpose, and I chose this Day particularly, that I might be better Employed, than to wait upon the Gaudy and Vain Show of an Insignificant and Frivolous *Birth-Day*. But I don't know where or how to begin, I am so full of all Wickedness, which makes me hated of God and Man.

Sir, I began my Life, when I came to Act for my self, in *Whoredom*; and I have continued wallowing in this Sin ever since; my Intrigues to accomplish my Lustful Desires have been very many and Surprising, the particulars whereof would make a *Large Book*.

But Sir! My Treasons against my O'd Master K. J. is what troubles me most of all things; I advised Him to promote his own Religion; to depress the Church of *England*, and to put all the Dissenters into Places. I was very diligent to perswade Him to keep a Standing Army up, to keep the Church of *England-Party* down, and herein I succeeded.

Then after this, I did all that I could to Betray Him; I dealt with the P. of O— for this pur-

purpose, and Receiv'd a Hundred Thousand Pounds to Debauch the Army at *Hownslow Heath*, and draw them over to the Prince from my Master the K. from whose Bounty alone, all that I had, proceeded: After I had succeeded also in this Villany according to my *Devilish Wish*, I attended my *Dear Master* to *Salisbury*, with a full purpose to Destroy Him.

The Devil acting in me, I did all the Evil it was possible for me to do against Him; for no other Reason, but for all the good I had received by his Influence.

I designed to have carried Him Prisoner to the Prince of O— and that if he had made any Resistance, I, *with my Associate* were determined to Dispatch Him, he with a Pocket Pistol, and I, (if that should have missed) with a Knife five Inches long made for that purpose.

But Unhappily as I then thought, but most Happily as I now think, His Majesties Nose fell a Bleeding as he was going into the Coach, which stop'd His Journey, and saved His Life, which we thus Treacherously had resolved to take away.

When the P— of O— became K— then I was fully satisfied, having succeeded according to my Hearts Desire in all my Treasons; but I did not continue long so; for my Wicked Spirit, being stirred up by the Devil, endeavoured His *Ruine* also.

Among my other Treacheries against Him, I sent Word to *France*, that *Dunkirk* was to be deli-



delivered up to Him, by the then Governour, whom K. W. had largely Bribed; for which the Governour lost his Life by my means, as the desert of his Treachery.

Then I made my Court to the then Princess A— of D— hoping She would soon Succeed to the Crown; K. W. being equally diseas'd in Soul and Body, and nothing else but a Bag of Plegmatick Corruption and Rotten Bones, under a Dark shadow of Life.

Sir! Quickly after Q. A— Ascended the Throne, then I was as great as Heart could Wish; She raised me to the greatest Honour a Subject was capable of; She made me *Generalissimo* of all the Confederate Forces, and sustain'd me in this Honour, with all the Money the Parliament gave for carrying on the War, and indeed they gave very Largely; out of which, with my other base Practices at Home and Abroad (which this Ridiculous H. of C. are Impertinently prying into) together with my Lawful Allowances, I am now the Richest Subject in *Europe*.

But my Sins fly in my Face. I never valued Mens Lives, I thought nothing of throwing away ten or twenty Thousand of them against Stone-Walls, with many other Wickednesses I committed while I enjoyed that great Trust, to the Dishonour of my Queen, and Disgrace of my Country.

There's one Thing troubles me very much, because it was a continued Piece of my innate  
Malice

Malice against my Old Master K. J. now in Heaven, I no sooner heard that his Son, commonly called the *Pretender*, was in the Battle, but gave Orders presently, that no Quarter should be given, hoping that by that means, he might happily fall; and so put an end to all his Pretensions, and the hopes of all his Party.

Sir! These are the great Heads of my Wicked Life; all which I Confess freely to you, hoping and begging you would pray for me, and Reconcile me to the Church, my Holy Mother wherein I was Baptized, and from which I have basely Fallen: Therefore I beg of you, Sir, be pleased to Grant me *Absolution*.

P. My Lord! I will pray for you, as I am in Duty Bound, but your request cannot be granted yet; you have several Things to do, to manifest your Repentance; you must first make Restitution of your Ill-gotten Riches, to those you have Oppressed: you must shew the World that you have been a Vile Wretch, and Miserable Sinner; and your Confession must be made more particular than this, that you have made, that your Repentance is True and Sincere.

God will not be mocked, and we his Servants must not betray *Our Trust*, if it were to gain the whole World.

My Lord! To grant *Absolution* without a Moral Certainty, that you are a *New Creature*, in the Apostle's Sense, which does not appear as yet to me, would be acting contrary to the Rules

Rules of our Sacred Function, for the maintaining of which, we have been Sufferers, despised, and unregarded, ever since your Revolution began; *but God is the Stay of all that adhere to his Truth.*

I beg of you therefore to continue your Repentance, and demonstrate to all, that you are a Humble Suppliant, and let all your Actions shew you are a true Penitent. And then the Church which you have egregiously abused, when she is sensible of your *Sincerity*, will embrace you in her Arms, and grant you *Absolution*, and rejoyce over you more, *than over the Ninety and Nine that went not astray.*

D. Sir! I thought to have been kind to you, and made you have lived easily all your Life with your Family; but your stiff old *Jacobite* Temper, bars you from any Favour I designed; go starve on with your *St. Germain* Master: I was wrong to send for you, for you are a Stubborn Pack. Now I think who will fit my Purpose.

I will send for the Reverend Dr. *Kennet*, he will give me Absolution upon easy Terms, and demonstrate to the World, that God Almighty has a particular Regard to a Great Mans Repentance, and *that they can repent more in an Hour, than a mean Person can do in a Year.* Thus he sent my Brother *D—shire* to Heaven.

And to make my *Absolution* more easy, or rather that I need none at all, my Friend Dr. *Higden* will prove, by his *New Light*, that I have



have been doing my Duty all this while (though he unhappily mistook it for Twenty Years together) and that I shall be rewarded, as I deserve, for my good Services to my Queen and Country.

But my old Mother *Jen—gs's* Prophecie lies hard at heart; *That one must be Hanged, who has got so many Millions, is a Heavy and very Melancholly Article*; however I don't doubt but my worthy Fathers, whom I have chose for my Spiritual Guides, will take as great Care of my Soul as of their Own, and I will reward them with Five Pounds a piece, for which I shall have them my Servants for ever. And as for you Sir! I will order the printing of this, that the World may see what a stubborn Grue you *Jacobites* are.

P. My Lord! Do not trust your Soul to the Care of these Doctors, they have both of them fallen from the Truth, and have made Shipwreck of a Good Conscience, they have denied the Faith to appear something in this World. I pray you, My Lord! mind what *St. Paul* beseecheth all of us to do, that we may not be deceived.

*Mark them which cause Divisions and Offences, contrary to the Doctrine which ye have Learned, and avoid them. For they that are such, Serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own Belly; and by good Words and fair Speeches, deceive the Hearts of the Simple. Rom. 16. 17, 18.*

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My Lord! I pray God give you the Help  
of his Holy Spirit, that you may become a  
true Penitent, and receive Absolution, that  
*you may be saved in the Day of the Lord.*

D. Get you gone! you Canting Slave.

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**FINIS.**

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